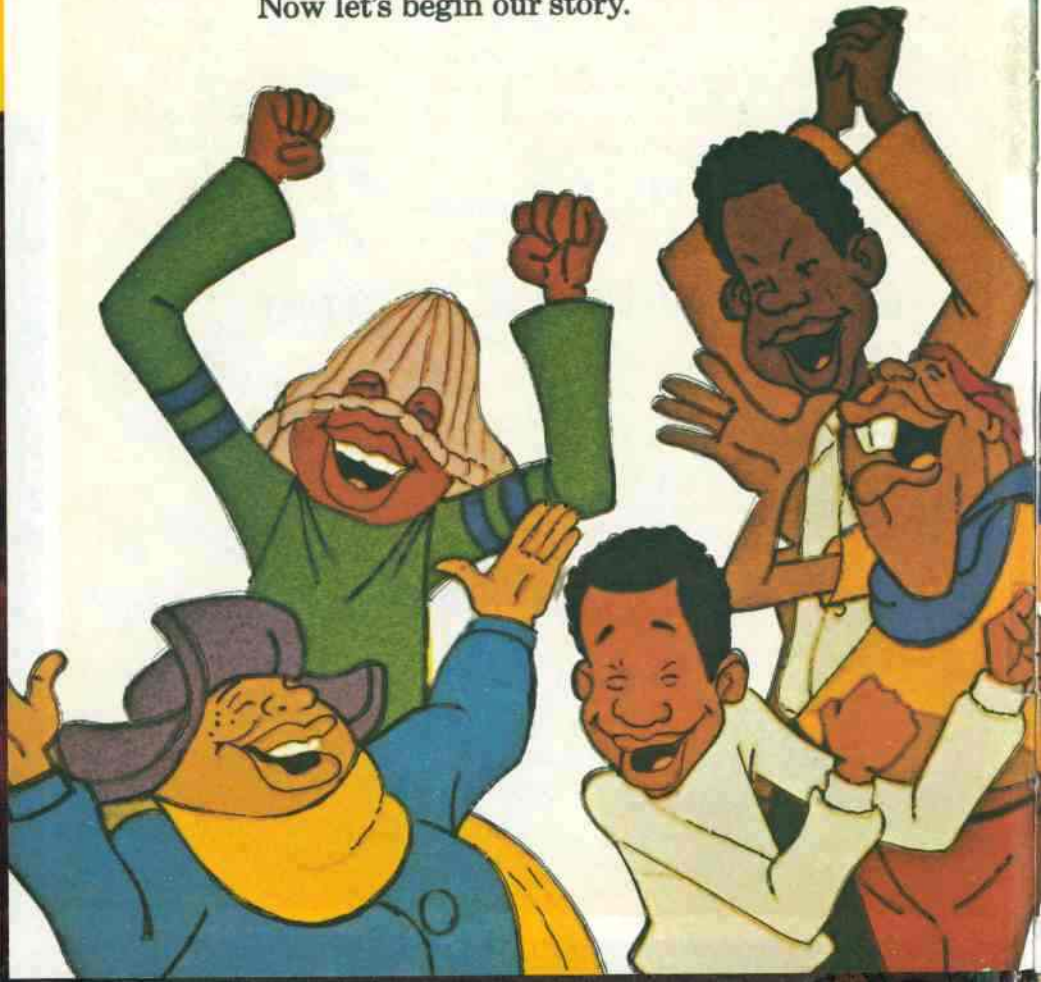
Tele-Story®
presents

FAT ALBERT™
and the COSBY kids

Starring Bill Cosby

FOUR EYES

When you hear this sound... ●
That's your signal to turn the page.
Now let's begin our story.



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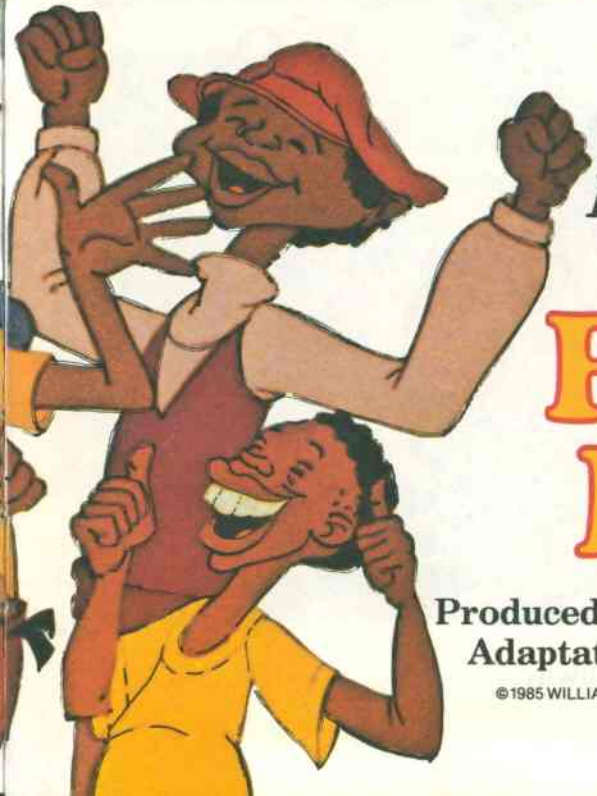

Starring *BILL COSBY*

FOUR EYES

Produced by JEFF EHRHART
Adaptation by JODIE LEWIS

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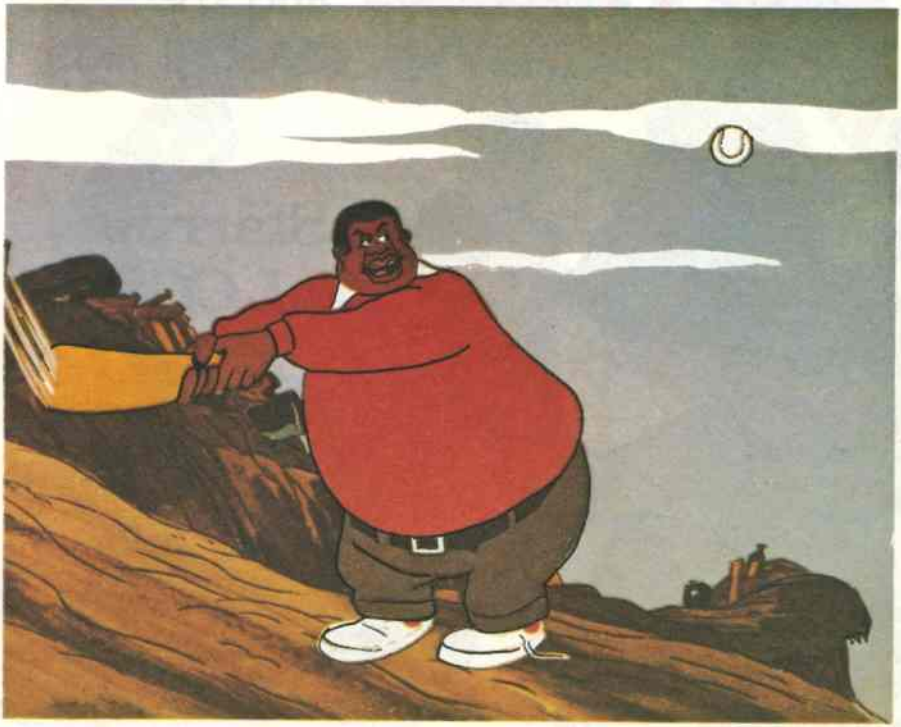
Mr. Cosby's photo courtesy Harrah's Hotel

SUPERSCOPE®

Wearing glasses can be fun. The trouble is a lot of kids don't see it that way. Like Fat Albert's nearsighted pal, Haywood.

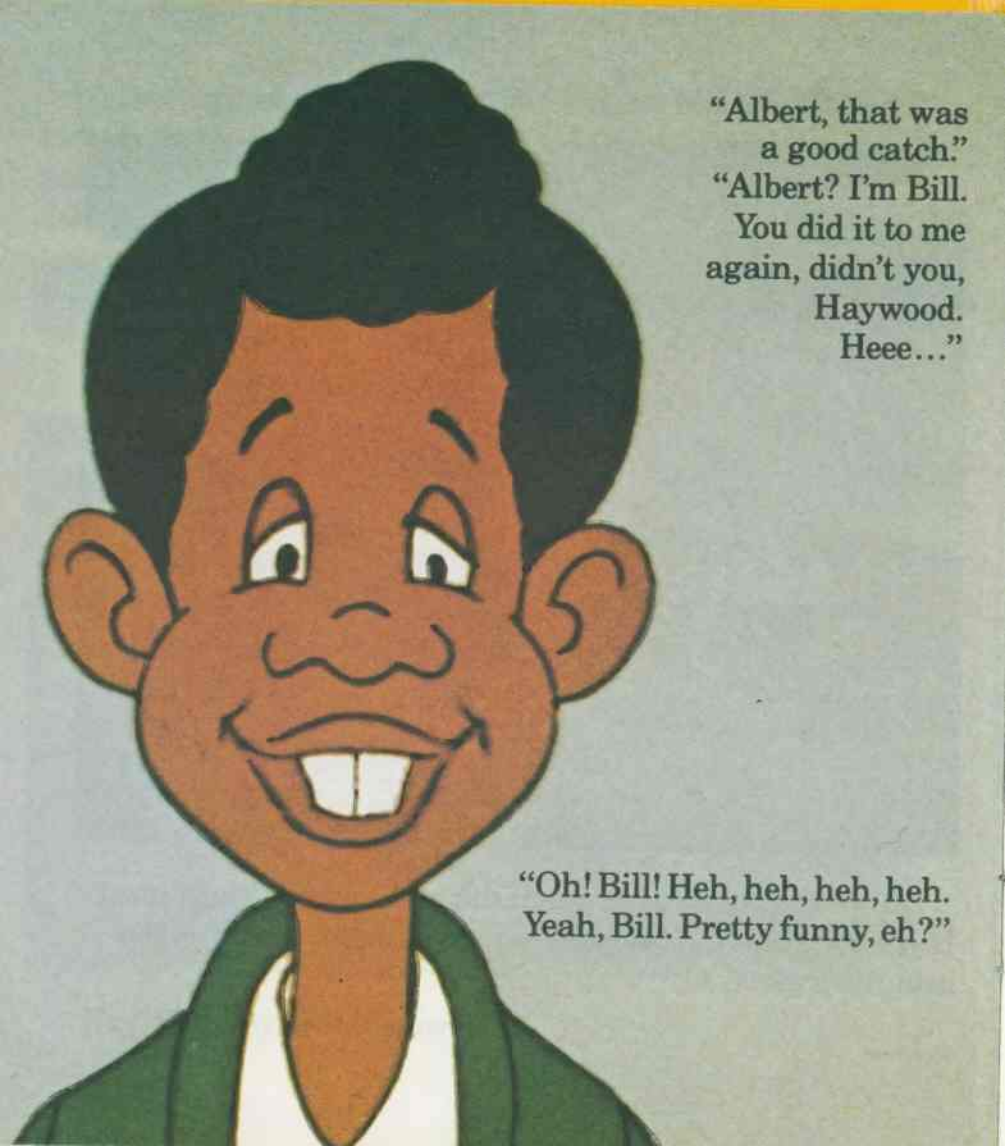
One day Fat Albert and the gang were playing baseball.



"Hey, hey, hey. Bombs away!"

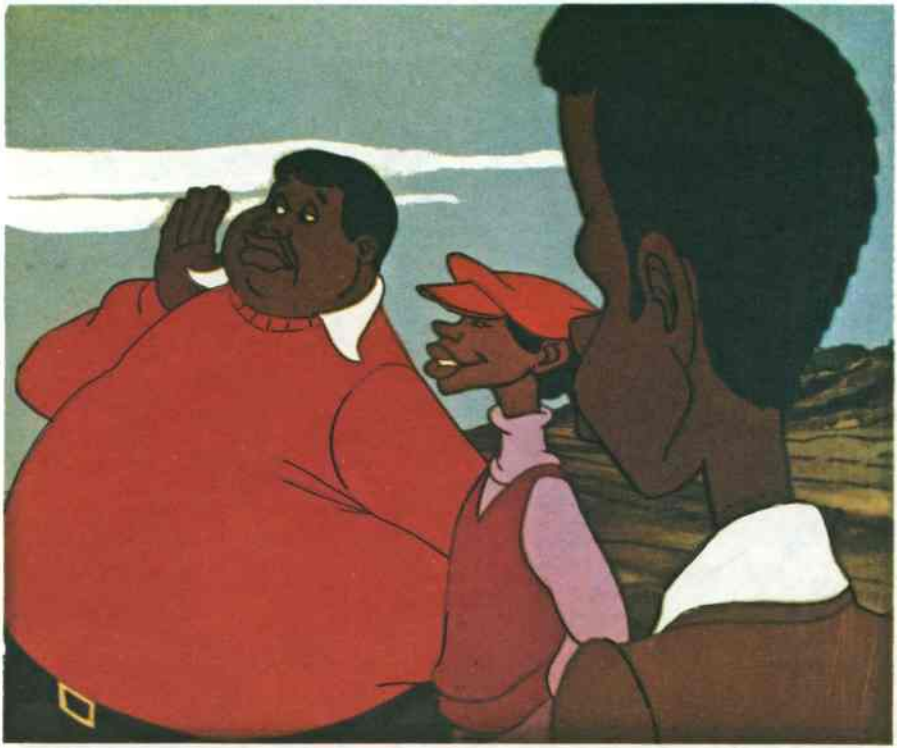
"I got it! I got it!"

Bill ran backwards to catch the ball and ran right into Haywood. Dazed, Haywood watched as the ball dropped into Bill's glove.


"Albert, that was a good catch."
"Albert? I'm Bill. You did it to me again, didn't you, Haywood. Heee..."
"Oh! Bill! Heh, heh, heh, heh. Yeah, Bill. Pretty funny, eh?"

"Hey, hey, hey, Haywood. Come on and play ball with us."

"Yeah, Haybee Boobie. The funniest ballba player in the world."

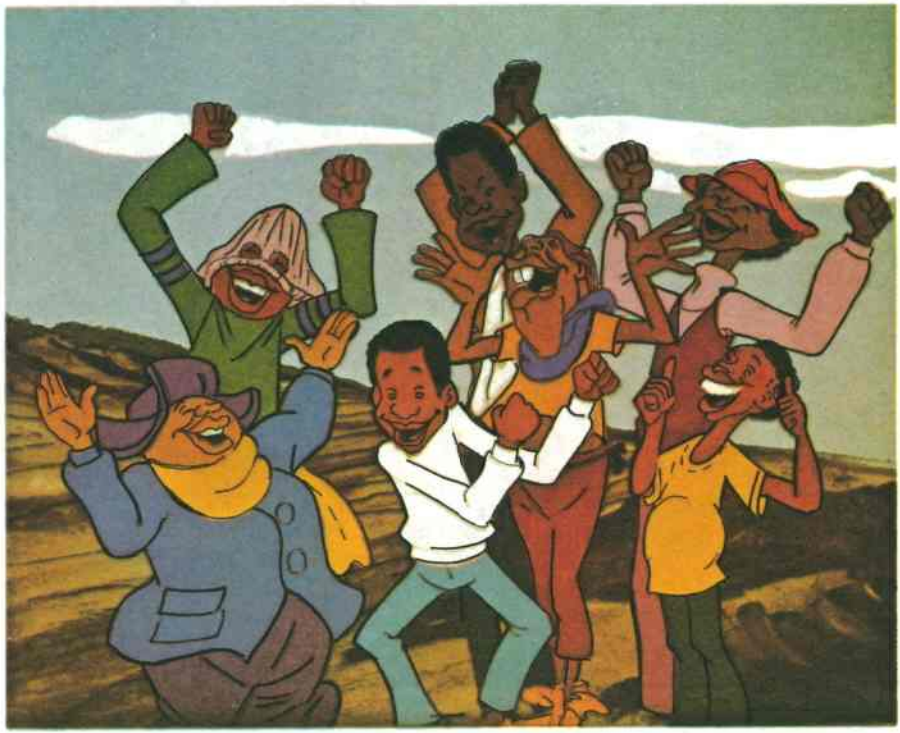


"Better than that, he's the funniest dude in the whole school." ●

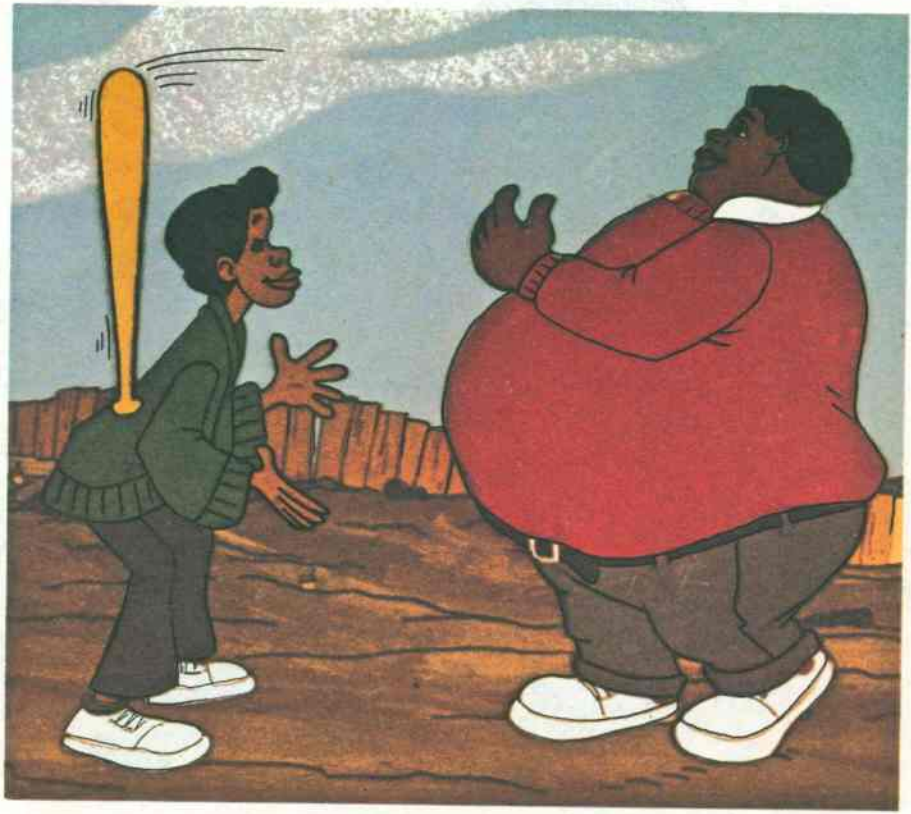
"Hey, Haywood! You and me gonna choose up sides! Ready?"

"Ready."

"Catch!"



"Okay! What you waitin' for? Throw it!"



Haywood couldn't see that Fat Albert had already thrown the bat and it had fallen to the ground.

"Hey, hey, hey, Haywood. You are one funny dude!"

"Come on! Throw the ball! One swing and I'm gonna clean the bases!"

"I can believe it with that broom in your hand! Hah! Hah! Hah!"

"Broom? Oh, yeah! Broom. Heh, heh!"

Haywood stepped up to the plate with a real bat.

"Strike one!" Nice going, shirttail!"
"Why you call me shirttail?"
"'Cause you just wave in the breeze."

"Strike two. You couldn't hit a bus in the back with a snow shovel."

"Oh, yeah? Listen..."

Haywood got mad and started waving his bat at Russell. Just then, Fat Albert pitched a fast ball and it accidentally hit Haywood's bat.

"It's a hit! Run, Haywood!"

Haywood took off and ran as fast as he could. Mushmouth got the ball and tried to tag Haywood out, but Haywood had already passed him. Mushmouth threw the ball to Bill, and Bill threw it to Russell at home plate ●

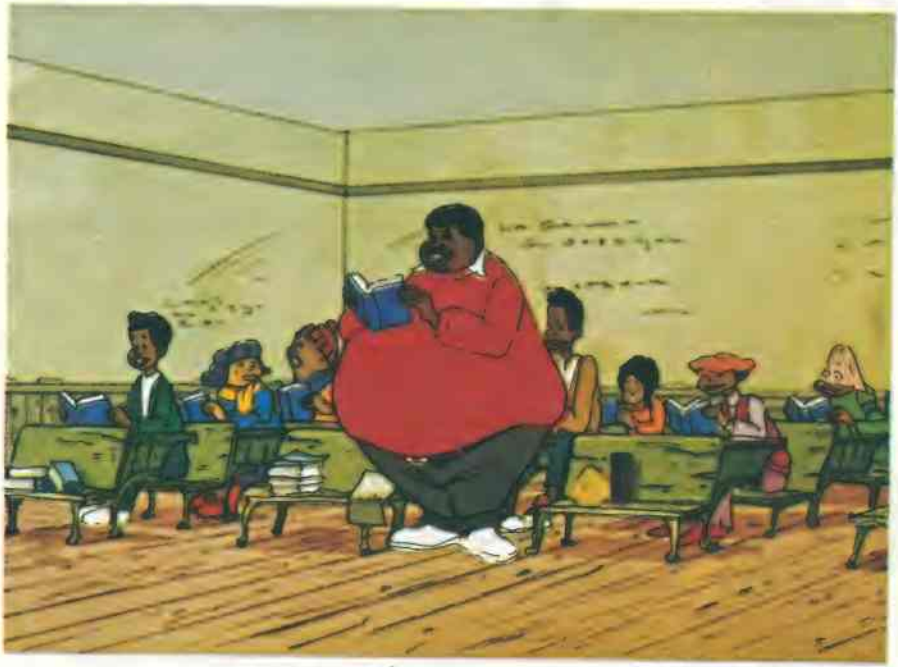
"I made a homer!"

"You made a mess! What's the matter with you, sliding into an old man with his junk wagon?"

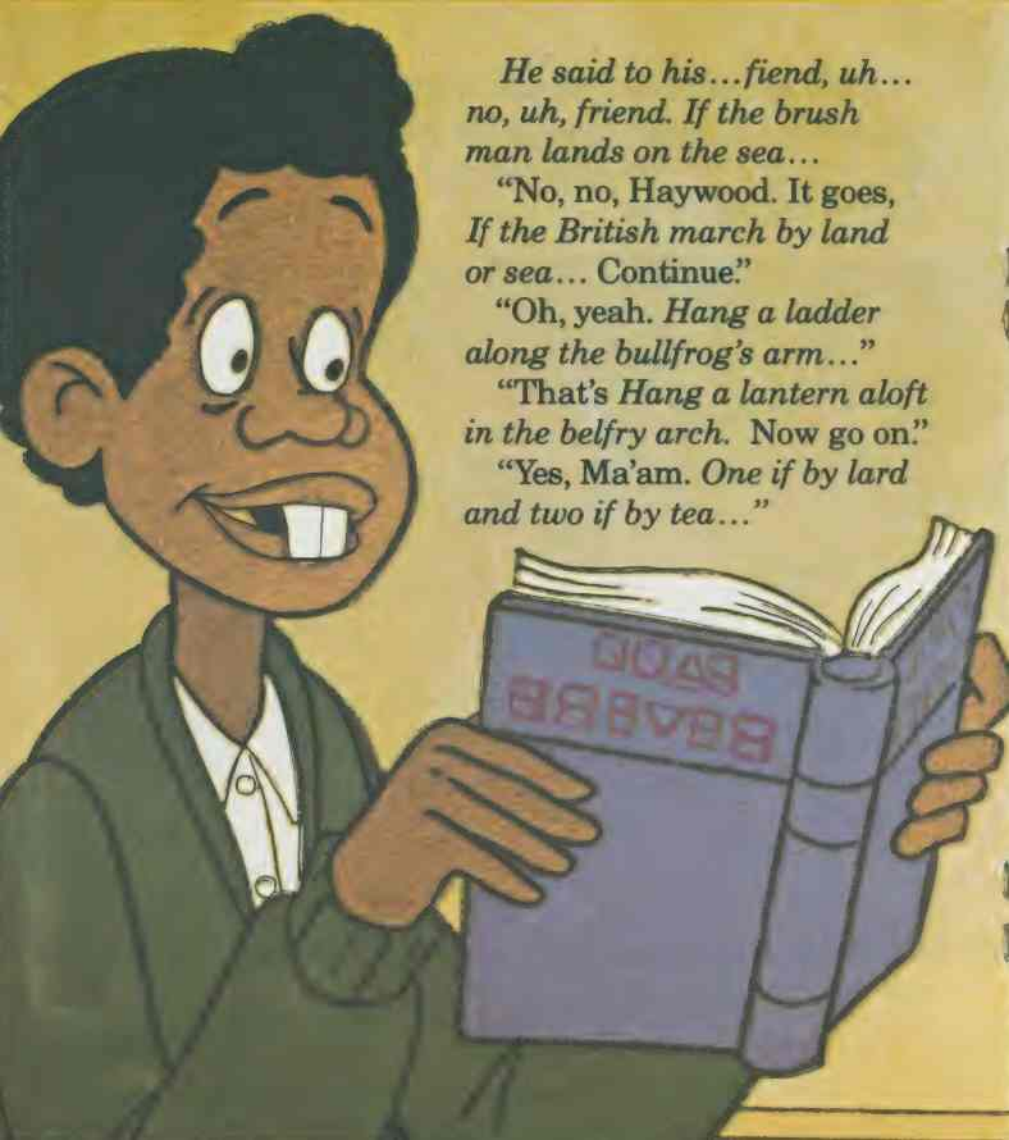
"I'm sorry, sir. I didn't see you."

It didn't take 20/20 vision to see that Haywood sure did need glasses.

Listen my children and you shall hear of the midnight ride of Paul Revere. On the eighteenth of April in seventy-five, hardly a man is now alive who remembers that famous day and year.



"Thank you, Albert. That was very good. Now, Haywood, will you continue reading, please..."



He said to his…fiend, uh… no, uh, friend. If the brush man lands on the sea…

"No, no, Haywood. It goes, *If the British march by land or sea…* Continue."

"Oh, yeah. *Hang a ladder along the bullfrog's arm…*"

"That's *Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch.* Now go on."

"Yes, Ma'am. *One if by lard and two if by tea…*"

The teacher had heard enough of Haywood's reading to know something was wrong

"Betty, you take charge of the class."

"Yes, Miss Berry."

"Haywood and I have some serious business in the principal's office." ●

Haywood sat trembling with fear on a chair while the principal and Miss Berry whispered to each other. Then the principal turned to Haywood.

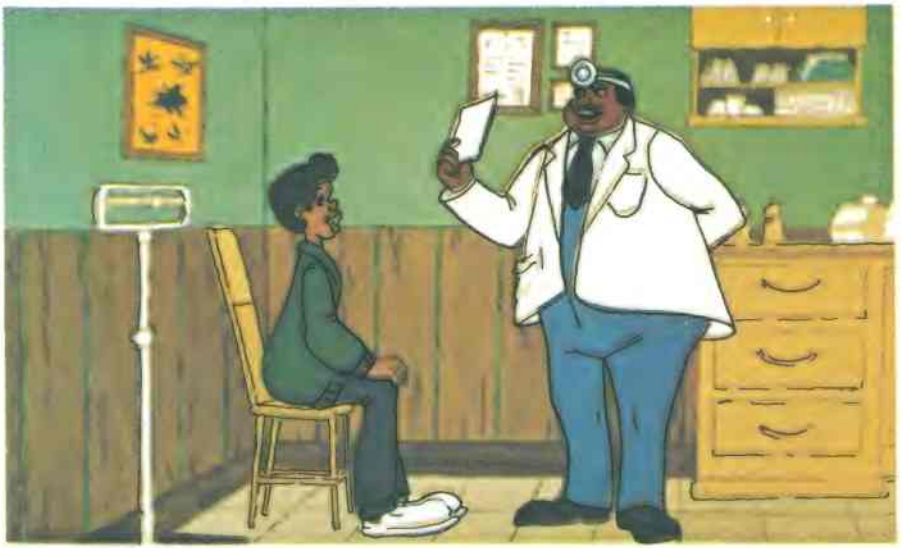
"Haywood, we've got someone we want you to see."

"All right, Haywood, cover one eye and read the first line."

"H R L C X B J Q. There, how was that?"

"Well, you missed it by one letter. Haywood, tell me, how many fingers am I holding up?"

"Two on one hand and six on the other."



"Haywood, you're gonna have to be fitted for glasses."

"Oh, no. If I wear glasses, everybody'll laugh at me."

"I understand they've been laughing at you for a long time."

"Okay, Doctor, I'll wear glasses, but nobody's gonna like me anymore."

"Hey! Lookit ol' four eyes!"

Haywood didn't know which was worse, having his friends tease him for *not* wearing glasses or for *wearing* glasses.

In the hour of darkness and peril and need the people will waken and listen to hear the hurrying hoof beats of the steed, and the midnight message of Paul Revere.

"Very good, Haywood. That will be all for today. Class dismissed. Haywood, may I see you for a moment please?"

While Haywood stopped to talk to the teacher, the other kids continued on. Rudy mocked the teacher's voice....

"Haywood, may I see you for a moment puh-leasee?"

"Man, he surely turned into a square lately."

"Yeah, but he sure can read up a storm now with his new glasses on."

"Yeah. He used to read funny. Now he just looks funny."

"Hey, Gang. Wait! Wait up! Hey, you cats gonna play ball today?"

"Yeah, why don't you..."

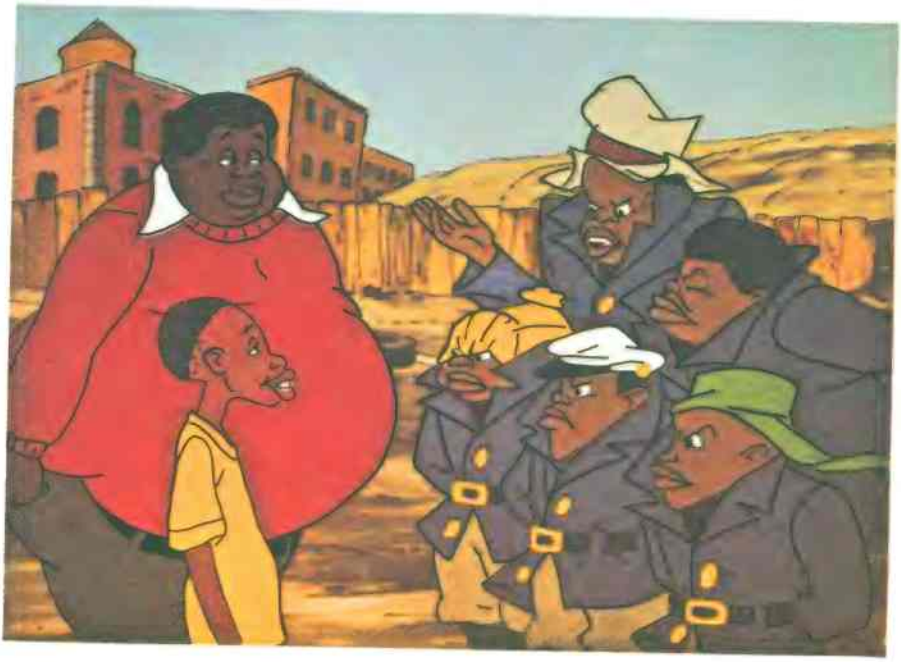
"You can't play."

"Huh?"

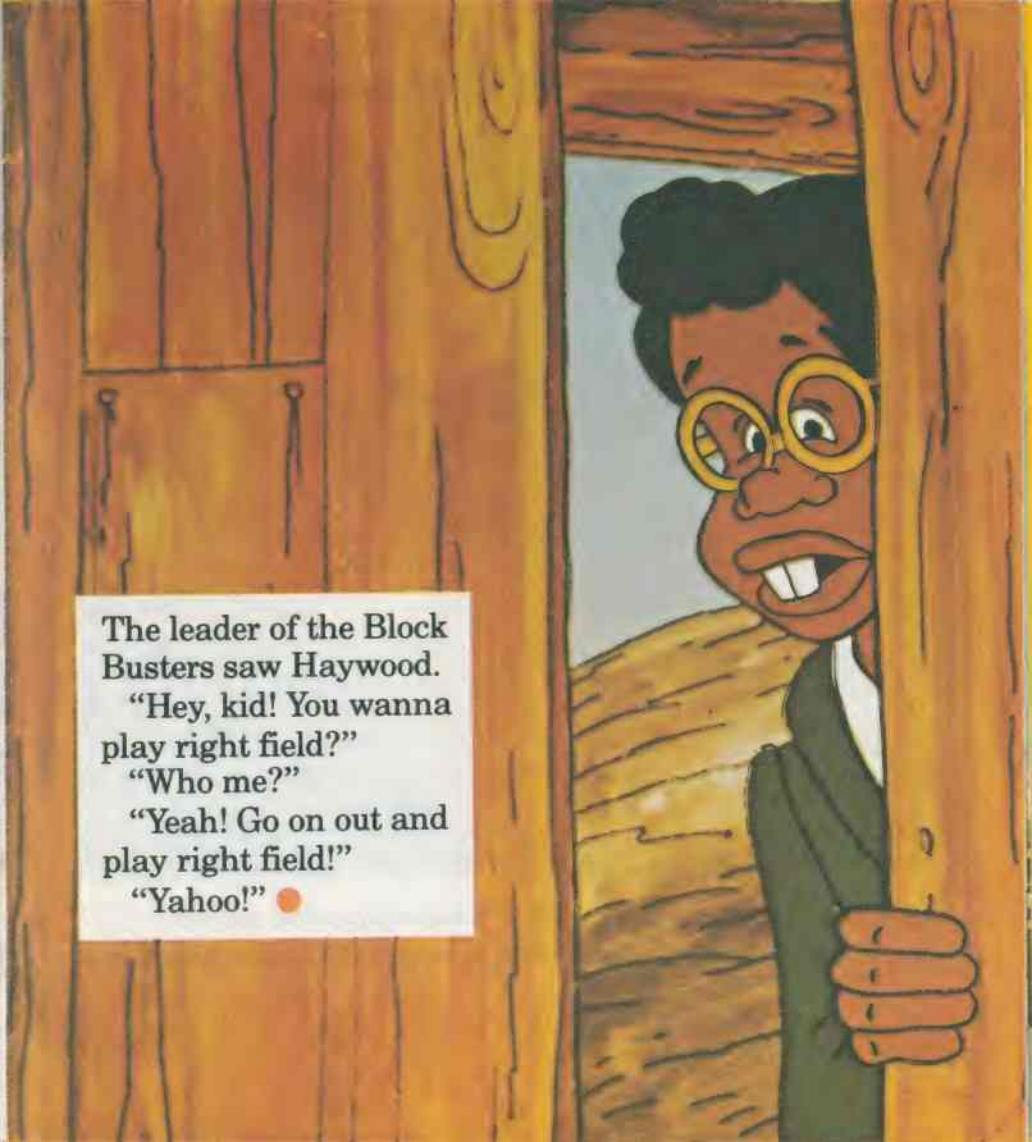
"We got a big game with the Riverfront Block Busters."

"And we ain't got no time to mess around with no rookie amateurs."

The gang ran off to the game, leaving Haywood standing all alone. Haywood wanted to watch the game even if he couldn't play, so he wandered over to the baseball field where Fat Albert and Rudy were talking to the other team's captain.



"Hey, hey, hey. Let's get the game underway."
"We can't start yet. Our right fielder hasn't shown up."
"If you don't start right now, you lose, and we win."



The leader of the Block Busters saw Haywood.

"Hey, kid! You wanna play right field?"

"Who me?"

"Yeah! Go on out and play right field!"

"Yahoo!"

Fat Albert and the gang jeered Haywood and the other team. Then Fat Albert went to the plate.

He hit the ball and ran to first base while the center fielder tried to catch the ball, but it bounced out of his glove.

Suddenly, Haywood streaked in and caught the ball.

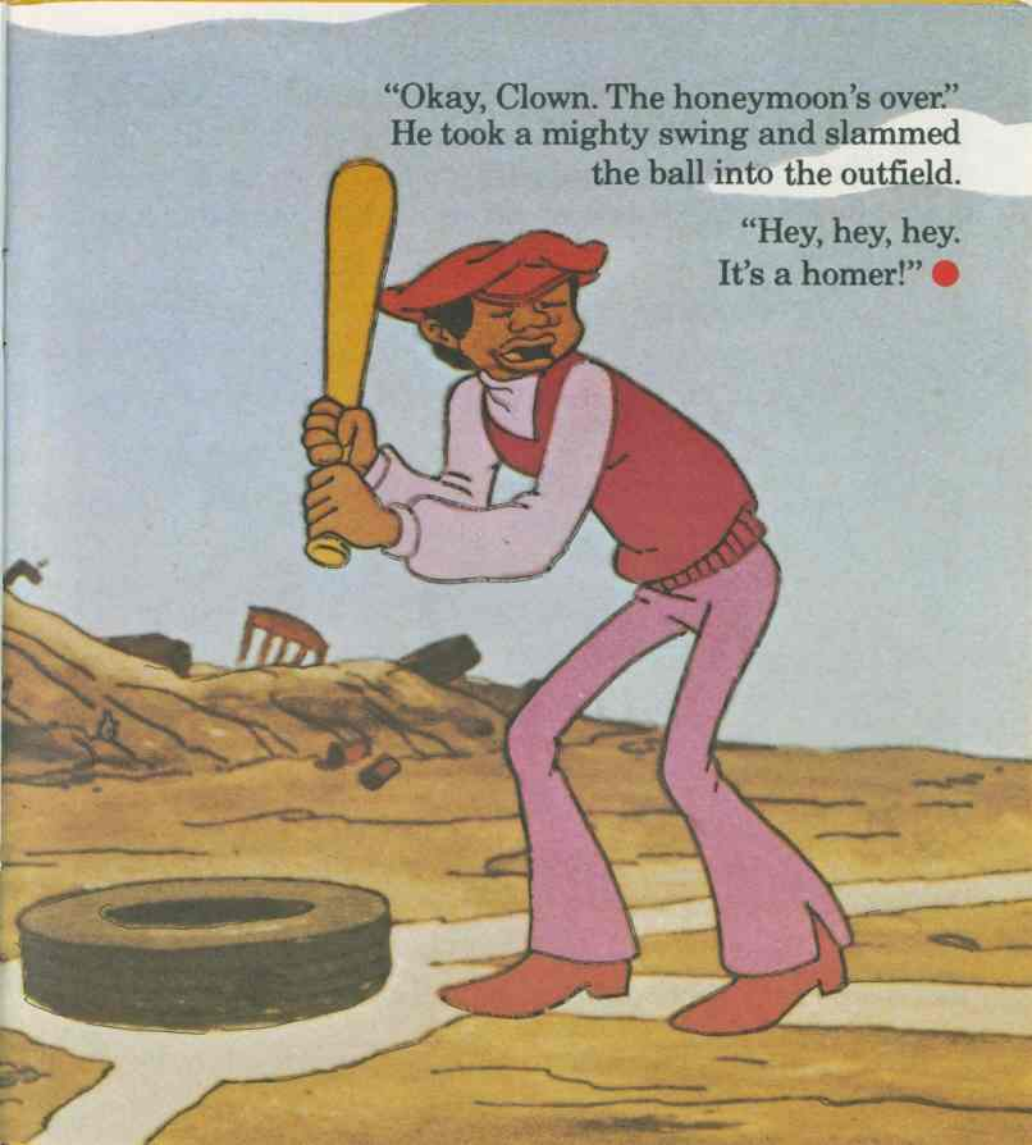
"I don't believe it!"

"Haywood never caught a ball in his life!"

The teams changed sides. Rudy took his position at the pitcher's mound. ●

"Everybody sit down. Look who's up."

Haywood swung the bat and sent the ball sailing through the air. It was a home run! Haywood had never played so well. By the fourth inning the score was Riverfront Block Busters: 1, Fat Albert Gang: 0. Rudy stepped up to bat.



"Okay, Clown. The honeymoon's over."
He took a mighty swing and slammed
the ball into the outfield.

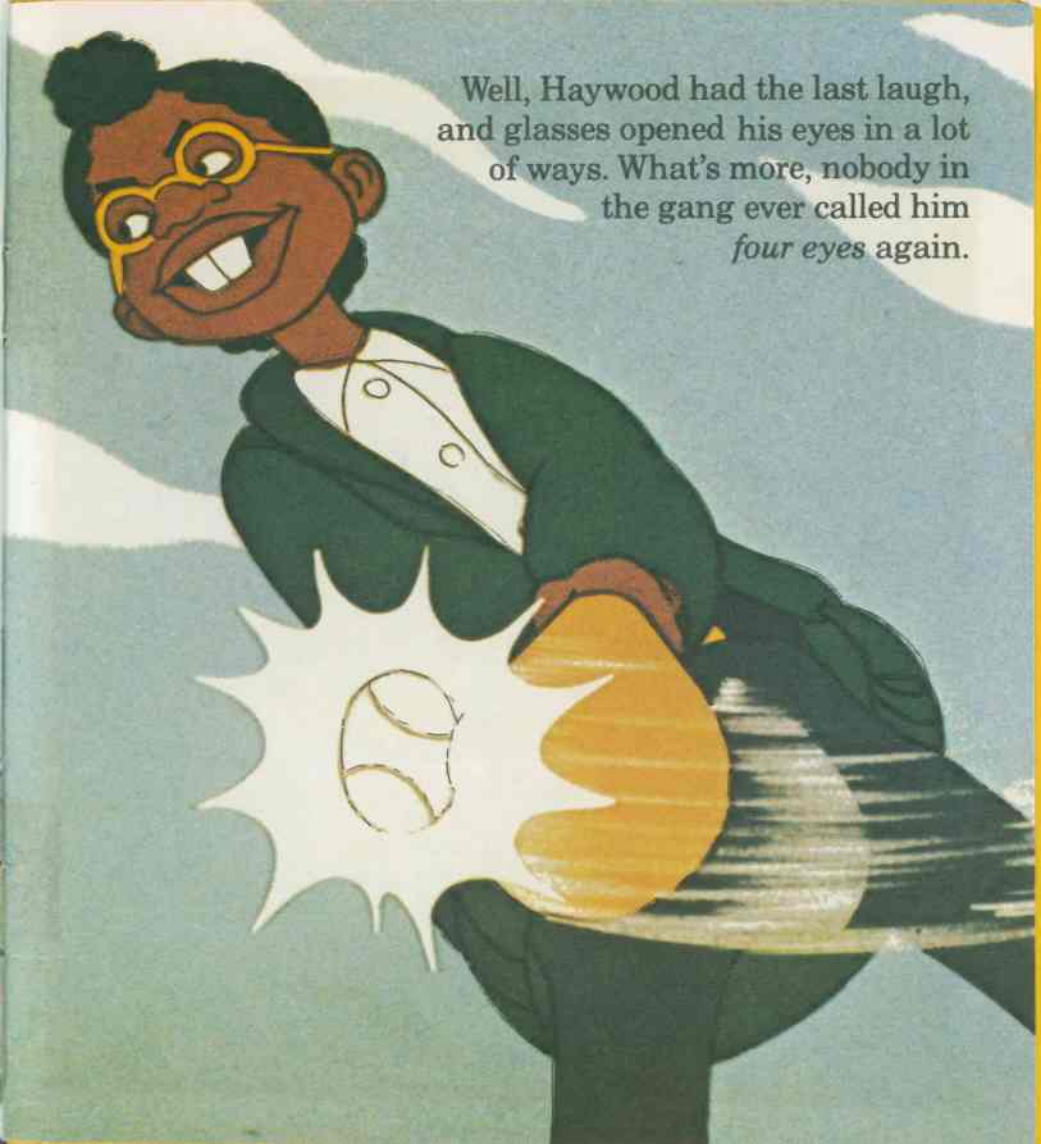
"Hey, hey, hey.
It's a homer!"

Haywood stood calmly by the outfield wall while Rudy ran around the bases. The ball flew over Haywood's head, hit the top of the wall, and dropped into his glove. Rudy raced for home plate, but Haywood threw the ball home like a pro.

"You're out!"

Haywood was the best player of the day. When the game was over, Fat Albert read the final score.

"Haywood: 19... Fat Albert Gang: nothin.' Hey, hey, hey."



Well, Haywood had the last laugh, and glasses opened his eyes in a lot of ways. What's more, nobody in the gang ever called him *four eyes* again.

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